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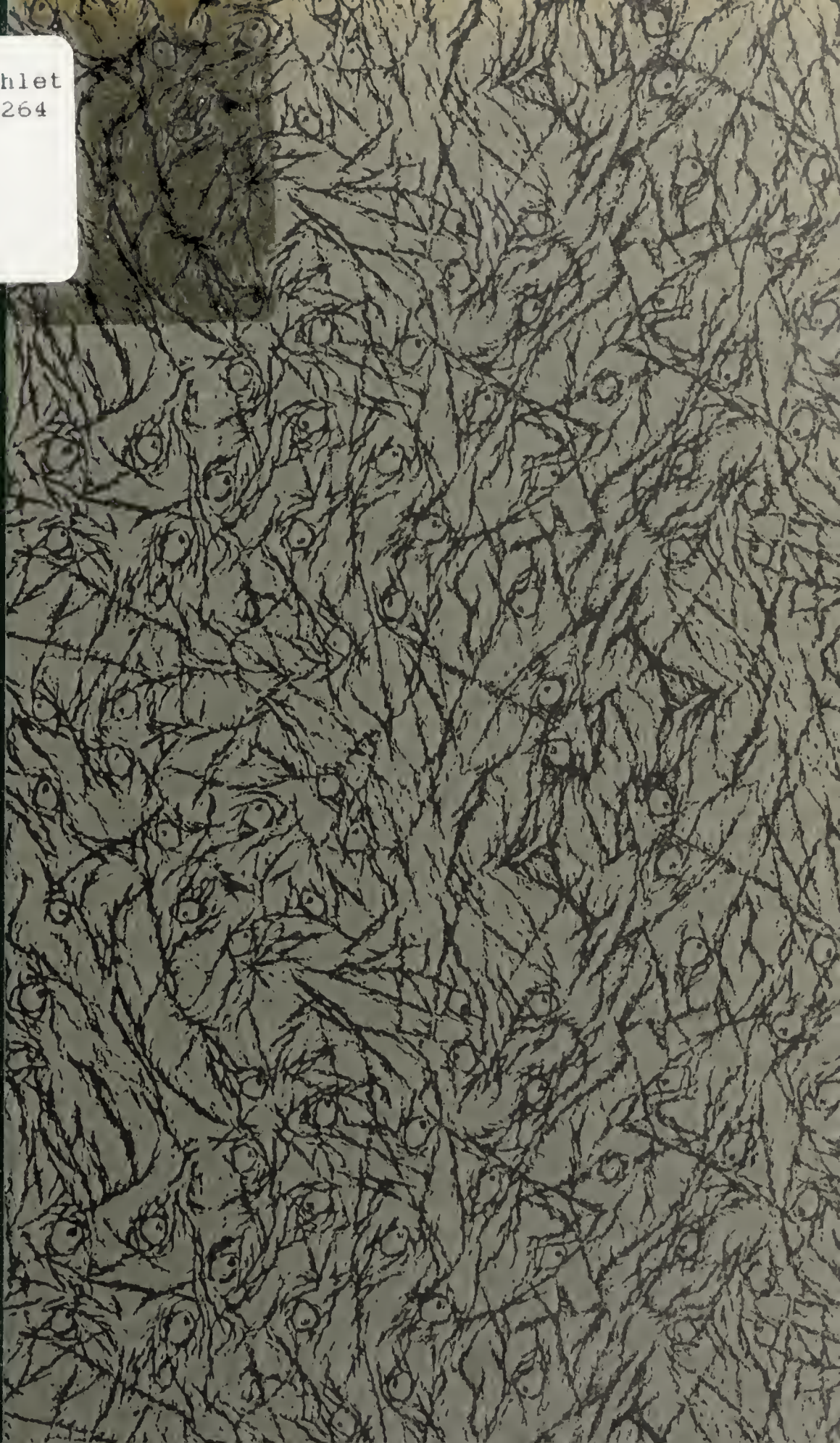

JOHN H. SHERRIN

THE BIBLE AND POPERY;

R, INCIDENTS OF BIBLE DISTRIBUTION FROM THE REFORMATION TO THE PRESENT TIME.

LECTURE DELIVERED AT SEVERAL MEETINGS OF THE BIBLE SOCIETY,

BY

REV. JAMES GREEN,

And Published by Subscription raised by the Brockville Bible Society.

A LECTURE OF LESSONS FOR THE PRESENT GENERATION.

The Evening was mainly occupied with a lecture by Rev. Mr. Green, on the istory of the English Bible in its struggles for existence, from the beginning of the eformation to the present time. High encomiums have been passed on this lecture, nt by no means too high. It is seldom that we are favoured with anything so lmirable; language terse and chaste; reasoning, cogent and fair; graphic descripons of thrilling scenes and dangers, with a rich vein of humor running through ie whole. The lecture was a rare treat, and we advise all who may be able to hear for themselves. At the present juncture of affairs in the Dominion this address specially opportune, and we could only wish that our two Legislatures now ssembled at Toronto and Quebec could hear it, and all our educational boards, oo. It would probably throw much needed light upon some problems that our atesmen and educationists do not seem to understand. Again we repeat, let all ho can hear it during the ensuing winter.—*Prescott Telegraph, December.*

The meeting of the Sherbrooke Bible Society, held on the 6th inst., was a very teresting one; Rev. J. P. Reid, Rector of St. Peter's Church, occupied the chair, nd very able and appropriate addresses were given by him and Rev. A. Duff; but ie speech of the evening was the address of the Rev. J. Green, the Society's agent, n incidents of Bible distribution, from the Reformation to the present, in hich, if possible, he out-did himself. He was indeed the "old man eloquent."—*ierbrooke Gazette.*

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THE GREAT CONFLICT OF THE BIBLE WITH POPERY.

When John Wickliff was born in 1324 the people had no Bible. I do not say there was no Bible. That would not be correct. There was a Bible, certainly, but it was hidden in cloisters of monkery, or the libraries of a few great collections or a few noted men. The people had it not. The world was bereft of its influence and the church of its teaching, and both the church and the world were governed by ecclesiastics instead of the Divine precept, and the result was most deplorable. "THE TIME WAS DISTINGUISHED by popes usurping all authority and power. By a multiplication of rites and ceremonies. By monastics being held in the highest repute. By pious frauds of all sorts. By veneration of the cross. By Virgin worship. By reverential regard for relics. By numerous and expensive masses for the dead. By wax-lights—salt and oil used in baptism. By incense used in Divine worship. By the celibacy of the clergy, and wide-spread prevalence of the doctrine of purgatory."

In the Church of Rome the MENDICANT ORDERS HAD REACHED A STATE OF VERY GREAT POWER AND SHOCKING IMPIETY, and to their hands was almost wholly confided the teaching of the people.

Their teaching consisted of monstrous inventions of all sorts. The staple of it was stories of wondrous earthquakes. Marvellous miracles. Apparitions. Voices speaking from the dead and voices speaking from purgatory, by which they had done their utmost to uproot from the popular mind the last vestige of religious sentiment and plant in its stead the grossest superstition.

St. Liguori tells us of a hermit who in his lifetime was greatly reputed for piety, but when he died his body refused to be buried. Bury it they did, of course, but the next morning the corpse was found outside the sepulchre. Three times they repeated the burial, and three times this strange corpse came back into the land of the living, and when questioned about its strange conduct replied: "I concealed a thought in confession, and the pains of purgatory are so great I cannot lie in my grave." Another one made a bad confession, and "when dying breathed out his soul into the hands of the Devil who tore out his tongue, howling with a most hideous noise and filling the whole place with a most horrible stench." By such absurdities they magnified the office of the confessional and filled the coffers of the church. And yet the universal mind was under this galling yoke of bondage: but under such teaching religion had degenerated to a hateful superst tion, and its pract ce had become a monstrous imposition. From the head downward, corruption was complete.

According to the Romish doctors "themselves, the popes were false pontiffs, invaders of the holy see, Simonical, adulterers, murderers, necromancers, knaves, infamous, rapacious, prone to libertinism; sometimes were mere boys, but always inordinately desirous of wealth and dignity."

This was perhaps the darkest period of the world, sometime before the Albigences of the south of France and the Waldenses of the Italian mountains had nobly held forth the word of life, and by a deep, fervent and simple piety had beautifully adorned the doctrines of grace; but the popes had followed them with the sword, fire and imprisonment, until they were

in some places entirely exterminated and in others almost so, and the church of the popes was rampant. The Council of Toulouse in 1229 passed forty-five canons for the regulation of christian life and doctrine,, and two of these will ever be memorable, for one of them gave the first canonical sanction to the diabolical inquisition, and the other one forbade the scriptures to the laity or any part of them in the vulgar tongue. Reading the scriptures was made a crime of heresy, and the penalty was burning at the stake. No prince, no king or any other earthly potentate, ever instituted such cruelty.

It was left for the pope of Rome to introduce the horrible and shocking practice of burning men alive. Thus with ignorance universally prevalent, dreadful and shocking crime rampant, the popes and higher clergy given over to the basest immorality and corruption, did John Wickliff first see the light. The subjects of true piety harassed and hunted out of existence, and the greatest crime was that of reading the Bible ! ! Dante had finished his wonderful song of his journey to paradise and the infernal regions, and scarcely an utterance was heard against the universal crimes and tyranny of Rome, when he began his fearless and courageous labour of translating the Bible for his countrymen.

Wickliff has been called the morning star of the reformation, and this we suppose was meant for his honor, but it only nicknamed him, for he was something far greater than any star. He was the bright and luminous sun of the morning reformation, and he let in a flood of light that has never wholly been put out since. Obscured at times it may have been, and occasionally for considerable periods ; but it has never been extinguished.

We shall pass over his infancy and youth, and also his earlier manhood, and come at once to the time when he had completed his course in the ancient university at Oxford, and was prepared for and beginning the hard stern duties of life. He was counted a very prodigy of learning for a man of his period, and was appointed warden of the University. In this situation he came in contact with the all-prevalent orders of mendicants. Of all these orders the Franciscans seem to have been the most rampant and audacious.

These claimed that Francis, their founder, "had the stigmas," or five wounds, made by the hand of Christ himself on Mount Alverenus, as a mark of his approval. Thus forgetting the veneration due to the Son of God, and animated with a mad zeal for the glory of their order, they maintained that "Francis was a second Christ, and that their institutions only were the true gospel, and that none could go to heaven except through them." Yet, shocking as these foolish and impious pretentions were, the popes were not ashamed to patronize and encourage them, by letters and mandates in which they endorsed their absurd fables and asserted them "worthy of all credence as they were undoubtedly matters of fact." These with many other impious and profane pretentions they would press upon the university. Wickliff resisted them, that resistance led to a conflict more fruitful of important and lasting results than any other of the time. For Wickliff, in maintaining his position, was led step by step onward, and progressively rejected transubstantiation ; the sacrifice of the mass ; the adoration of the host ; purgatory ; meritorious satisfaction by penance ; auricular confession ; the celibacy of the clergy ; papal excommunication ; the worship of images ; virgin worship and relics ; and, in defending his position, all his appeals were to the scriptures. But, alas, the people had no scriptures to look to. And here Wickliff felt his weakness, and was led to the resolution of giving the Bible to his countrymen, and he at once

set himself to the work of translation. This was a crime, and one the Romish Hierarchy never failed to visit with the most fearful punishment. When the inquisition was legalized, the most exquisite tortures that famous institution could invent was resorted to, and where it was not, all they could do was to burn the heretic at the stake. Wickliff knew the consequences, but he braved the situation and began his work. He was soon accused, however. The accusation was made to Pope Gregory the XI., a man inferior to most of the popes in truth and virtue, bad as they were, but he far excelled in courage and assurance. He was not a man to be trifled with, and he at once summoned Wickliff for trial before a council of bishops to be assembled in London for that purpose. Though Wickliff pleaded his cause with an eloquence rare indeed, and defended himself with appeals both to scripture and history, and by conclusive arguments and reason, it was of no use. His was a foregone case, and they condemned him. If that condemnation did not carry with it all the weightier penalties of the canon, it was because we had (fortunately for him and for us), a monarch upon the throne of some determination of purpose, and some resolution of will, Edward the Third ; and what Edward could do, that he did for the protection and succour of his subject Wickliff. It was but little, however, that even kings could do at that time ; as instance, the case of King John, whom Innocent the Third, a short time before, had excommunicated, and finally put his whole kingdom under interdict and closed up every church in the realm, so that not a prayer could be made, nor a bell rung ; and the dead were buried, for a time, at the road side like dogs. It was not a single case like that of Joseph Guibord, but the case of a multitude, who died during the interdict. But Edward afforded some succour, and though Wickliff was deprived of the wardenship of the university, the powerful Duke of Lancaster came to his aid, and secured him in possession of the quiet retired rectory of Lutterworth. Here, in part removed from the scene of strife, and freed from the engrossing duties of a more public life, he laboured on at his favorite work of translation. Toiling on, year after year, till at last the memorable one was reached, the year 1380, when his work was done. Memorable epoch ! Let it be engraven upon the mind of every Englishman, and especially upon the mind of every Christian, for it is the year of our redemption. The time whence began our national regeneration. Though the work has been slow it has been sure, and though our horizon has been clouded often since, the day of Gospel grace has gradually advanced, and period by period, it has surely gained.

The extent to which the truth spread at that early day is rarely appreciated. Of course the book could not be printed. Printing was not known, was not invented for about a hundred years after that. But they used the best means in their power ; they wrote it and wrote with avidity ; wrote generally, old men and youth, matron and maiden. rich and poor wrote ; some wrote out a chapter, some a few verses, some a gospel, some an epistle, and some the whole book. Such was the spirit and enthusiasm exhibited, that if the ability to write had been as common then as now, few persons would have been without some portion of the Bible. As it was, one of the popish emissaries, twenty years after its first appearance, brought up this accusation in the British Parliament : "You cannot," he said, "meet two persons on the highway but one of them is a heretic. All the nobles, the dukes and the earls, the gentry and the sons of the gentry, and the soldiers even, are all reading the book of the arch-heretic and have become his fast friends."

It has sometimes been said, when "Wickliff's bones were burnt the ashes were thrown into the Swift, and floated thence to the Severn and so to the ocean, and by the ocean's waves the four quarters of the earth were laved with the doctrines of that good man." This is a beautiful story, and so poetical it seems a pity to spoil it, but strict fidelity to truth demands we should tell you that his doctrine spread long before that. In the latter part of Wickliff's lifetime came Ann of Luxembourg, consort of Richard the Second, a woman of noble birth but nobler mind. She was sister of the Emperor Wenceslaus, and also sister of the King of Bohemia. A woman full of alms deeds and good works, but not till she became acquainted with the writings of Wickliff did she know the way of truth. She came to the realm speaking three different languages, Bohemian, German and Latin, and such were her abilities that in a very short time she mastered the English, and afterwards read the Gospel every day, so said her accusers. She sent the Bible to her brother of Bohemia, and by his instrumentality it became known to some extent, and God, in his Providence, raised up these wonderful men, John Huss and his companion Jerome of Prague, by whose impassioned zeal and fervid eloquence the truth was wafted far and wide, and though their names became embalmed in the martyrology of the time, the truth was not slain nor could it be extirpated, for the Lolards, another name for the followers of Wickliff, spread from country to country, and though the fiercest persecution was directed against them, a hundred and fifty years afterwards, when the reformation took a new start in England, there was the Lollards tower in London, aye, and full of Lollards too. An irrefragible proof that our present glorious christian liberty had its first start with the Bible and John Wickliff.

Perhaps some may be disposed to enquire how it was that WICKLIFF TRANSGRESSED THIS CANON SO PLAINLY, AND YET COMPARATIVELY ESCAPED the punishment. How it was that for so long a time he set at defiance a power like that of Rome, and that with comparative impunity, and more especially how it was that Rome suffered him to die in peace, and for many years permitted the Bible to circulate without taking any very effectual measures to stop it? If we stop and turn aside to answer these questions, it is because, we think the answer unfolds one of the GRANDEST EPOCHS OF PROVIDENCE left on record.

We have stated that the accusation against Wickliff was made to Pope Gregory the eleventh, and, though he was pontiff of the Roman Church, he did not live at Rome. He lived at Avignon in France, where the Popes had resided now nearly eighty years. But in the latter years of Gregory, and indeed through most of the time of his pontificate, cabals had been forming to change the location of the See. A large and powerful Italian faction had risen up, determined that the next Pope should live at Rome, but there was an equally powerful French faction just as determined he should not. Intrigues of all sorts were rife, and the agitation kept the Pope fully occupied in the latter part of Wickliff's time. Gregory died about the same time as Wickliff, some say the same day, others contradict that. There can be no doubt, however, but these two singular and opposing men went to the judgment bar of God nearly in company. When they set to work to elect a new Pope the result was a strange one, for they elected two—two Popes, each claiming to be the head of the church at the same time. Now these two Popes made work for each other, for what one did the other undid, and what one blessed the other one cursed, and the strife continued, though every means of reconciliation were tried. One

plan was to get the contending pontiffs to abdicate, and each took a solemn oath to make voluntary renunciation of the papal chair, but both violated this solemn obligation in the most scandalous manner. At last the council of Pisa was called to put an end to the dispute (1409). This council deposed both the Popes and elected a new one, but, lo! neither of them would abdicate after all, and thus, instead of two there were now three, Popes at the same time, each claiming to be St. Peter's lawful successor, and each fulminating curses and anathemas one at another. Which of these three was the *infallible one has never yet been determined*, and likely never will, but all three make the claim. God in His providence overruled the events for good. While the cabals intrigued Wickliff translated, and while the contention and strife lasted the truth spread. When at last the contest was ended, and the papacy reduced to one head, the time of trial came. It was then word was sent to England to execute the sentence against Wickliff, but the reply was WICKLIFF *is dead*. No matter, said Rome, the sentence must be enforced, but the people of England held up their hands in amazement saying, what can we do? Wickliff has been in his grave thirty years!! But Rome was inexorable. The sentence must be executed. It was then they went to the graveyard, and were seen raking and moping amongst the bones to find Wickliff's —no easy task! for the grave yard was crowded, and the bones without name and number, and buried thirty years. Well might they look silly. But at last they found some they called Wickliff's and burnt them, burnt them to ashes. Well, that is one sort of martyrdom, and, should it ever be our unfortunate lot to suffer martyrdom at all, and we had any choice in the matter, we would as soon select that sort as any. It is as painless as any, to say the least, but, altogether, it is not worth a notice except for the malevolence of motive—the fearful spirit of spite manifest by Rome against the man who had dared to bring back from oblivion the precious word of God. Would they had kept to that sort of martyrdom, but, alas, theirs was, like every evil course, progressive and stopped not till the superlative was reached. They began by burning bones, but we shall see them next burning books, and then men, aye, and women and children, too.

Wickliff's life and labour brings us to the end of the fourteenth century. and there is nothing special to detain us during the fifteenth except to trace the course of Providence, and mark the wondrous wisdom by which the Almighty maintained the past and prepared for the future. The first half of this century is distinguished for nothing so much as Papal councils. At the very beginning, as we have already seen, the great Schism was the most noted feature. The Council of Pisa, 1409. The Council of Rome, 1412–13. No business except to condemn the writings of Wickliff. Council of Constance, 1414. Pope John deposed. Gregory 12th one of the opposing Popes abdicated. Benedict 13th still held fast to his claim—the only Pope for 2 years and 4 months, and he a deposed one. Wickliff's bones ordered to be burnt. John Huss and Jerome burnt, Council of Basil. 1431–43.

CLASSIC LEARNING, which had been slowly progressing in individual enquirers, broke out into a flame in the last half of the century. At the sacking of Constantinople, 1453, Greek scholars and books were scattered far and wide, the principal rendezvous being Italy. A fever of enquiry was fanned to a flame, and the impassioned zeal daily increased till at last God raised up men like Erasmus of Rotterdam, who carred their zeal to the Universities, and the whole culminated in attention to the Vulgar scriptures.

INVENTION OF PRINTING.—John Gudenberg was laboring for the perfection of his wondrous art, printing by moveable metal types. And

is there nothing ominous in the fact that the first book printed was a Bible—a grand copy of the Latin Bible thirteen hundred pages. The superstitious were awestruck! "Every line so regular, every space so equal, every letter so uniform, so like its fellow, and all so beautiful! *The man who did that must have some strong affinity with the black art*,' and surely he is only awaiting his appointed time to give up his soul to the devil!" But in spite of this the wondrous art spread rapidly, and, though it is five hundred years since the first efforts, it is daily making progress still. But it has never been applied to a higher purpose than at first. The first effort was a homage to the sacred volume—the book that had been sacrilegiously burned for ages, and the greatest achievements of the press continue with the Sacred Book, rolling it off by millions a year.

The DISCOVERY OF AMERICA. In this century the argus-eyed mariner was ploughing the deep Atlantic in search of other worlds, and was rewarded with the sight of this vast continent. This also was in the gracious purpose of Almighty God to break the fetters of European serfdom, and provide a place of retreat for his persecuted church. How grandly we see the first development of this design when our Pilgrim Fathers landed upon Plymouth Rock, and every subsequent stream of emigration since, has but been an additional confirmation of it. But, look at the events of this century together, the revival of learning, the invention of printing, and the geographical widening of man's habitation. What a wondrous preparation for the work of the coming century. And now that the world is prepared and the stage erected, all things are ready, and the GOOD WORK OF REFORMATION BEGINS AFRESH WITH THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

God's set time to favour Zion has again come. His spirit moves afresh upon the face of the waters, and life springs up simultaneously in different countries. We have Lefevre in France, Zwingle in Switzerland, Luther in Germany, and Tyndale in England, all preaching the same Gospel of truth, all with impassioned zeal and different degrees of eloquence and freedom, battling against the prevalent errors of the time—how comes this? These men are not in collusion, they are strangers to each other, at least at the beginning of their career, and cannot have concerted together This is the Lord's doing and very marvellous to behold.

We shall take Tyndale as the fair specimen of the reformers of our race, William Tyndale, methinks I hear some one say, William Tyndale! Why, I have always been told that King Henry the Eighth was the father of the English reformation of this period. King Henry the Eighth, forsooth! King Henry the Eighth! He a reformer! He never knew how to reform himself, never talk of reforming others! True, he quarreled with the Pope of Rome, and by that quarrel he destroyed the Papal power in England. Moreover, he took that power all to himself, which was perhaps the cleverest stroke of all. Henry had a knack of that, for, whatever he could not make centre in himself, he repudiated altogether. Moreover, there were five hundred religious houses in England—religious houses so called—They were monkeries and nunneries, but they were places fetid with sin-notorious centres of fornication and adultery, and had become an offence to the nation. The people wished them away. So there was a truce between the king and the nation. He suppressed the houses and took the revenues, and the people were well pleased with the transaction. Thus far God made that irate monarch subserve His cause. But Henry was no reformer, he burned the Protestants because they would submit to his doctrine. He was a little more lenient with the Romanist, but these he incarcerated in prison because they would not acknowledge his supremacy. Henry was

no reformer. It was some Ritualist or Romanist that started that notion, and only such will assert and reiterate it.

Do you Enquire, then, who were the reformers of England, Go with me to the Cardinals College, and underneath it we find a cellar, deep, dark and damp, and it is pervaded by a suffocating odor of putrid fish. It is converted into a terrible prison house. There is Bilney and Barns, Fryth and Clark, Summers and Godfry, about twenty-one of them, all thrust into that fearful place because they preferred to adore the Saviour rather than the cross He died upon. "Praying Bilney leads the noble band of martyrs, and their souls ascend up in prayer as fervent as any that ever pierced the court of Heaven, that God would protect His truth and save His chosen ones. A noble band, waiting for release, which came anon. To some by a fearful death in that awful prison house, and to others by a mock trial and flaming fire.

These are the fathers of the reformation, a reformation born of the Spirit of God, nursed in the prison and dungeon, and paid for by the blood of martyrs, by fire and famine and all suffering. Tyndale would have been there, too, only God had other work for him to do, and provided a way of escape from the jaws of the lion. Tyndale, born on Sodbury hill, overlooking the beautiful valley of the Severn, not far from the scene of the labours of his great predecessor Wickliff, removed to Oxford at an early age, where he grew up in all the learning and erudition of the time. Here, also, he became acquainted with the Scriptures through the Greek Testament of Erasmus, and not only read it attentively but read it much to others, and became an expounder of its doctrines. Leaving Oxford, or being driven from it, he dwelt for a time at Cambridge, after which he returned to his native place, when he became tutor in the house of one Sir John Walsh. Now this Sir John Walsh was a man of note, he had tilted with the princes in the tournaments at Windsor, and, as such, was known to most of the nobility of the land. His house was one of generous entertainment, and, besides the nobles, was much frequented by deans, arch-deacons, abbots, and friars, and around his hospitable board long discussion often ensued, in which Tyndale took a prominent part. Give the people the New Testament saith Tyndale. No, saith the Bishop, it will lead them into all manner of error. The New Testament lead people into error! How can that which is truth itself lead men into error? But, saith the Bishop, it will lead men astray, at which Tyndale exclaims with warmth, the New Testament lead men astray!! It is in the dark men stumble and go astray, but the New Testament is light itself; give them the light, and they will see where to go. To all their Papal notions he opposed the Word of God which he kept ever by his side, and, turning to the passage, his remark was "look and read." At this the opponent lost his temper and, with indignation, exclaimed, "your Scriptures only serve to make heretics, and I tell you," shouted the priest, "That the Scriptures are a dædalian labyrinth, rather than Arcadne's clue, a conjuring book wherein every body finds what he wants." Alas, said Tyndale, "because you read them without Jesus Christ." God being my helper, *I will give the people the Bible, and cause the boy that drives the plough to know the way of life and salvation better than all you priests and bishops put together.*" He continued in this place some little time longer, teaching and preaching the Gospel, while the priests and the friars assembled at the taverns to keep up nightly brawls and discussions. The feeling ran high, and Tyndale's position became one of peril and danger. The storm that had been carried on in the taverns extended to the Bishop's court. But the Bishop of Worcester was a man living at Rome, and, when the priests

accused Tyndale, the chancellor, Dr. Parker, had to preside. Tyndale obeyed the summons and went to trial, having confided himself and his cause to God in prayer as fervent as could be uttered or felt. The mendicant friars, priests and curates had fallen upon him like hungry wolves. They had trooped to the ale house and, over the fumes of their pots, inviting the peasantry around to share their drink and conversation, poured forth volumes of cursing upon "the daring reformer." The heretic "the black hypocrite"!! When the day of trial came not one of all of these could testify against him.

The Chancellor treated Tyndale like a dog, but failed to intimidate him. Strong in the consciousness of a good cause, he demanded at least one accuser, but that one was not forthcoming. Though there were assembled abbots and deans and other ecclesiastics, besides the inferior orders of curates and friars in great numbers, not one of them dared to come forward to support the charge. Of course the trial fell through, and Tyndale returned to his home, but not to remain long, for he soon became conscious they were plotting for his re-arrest. We have already seen that all his purpose now was to translate the Scriptures, and he was desirous of avoiding anything that would hinder him. Having nothing to hope for, or expect, in the Diocese of Worcester, he determined to leave the place and go up to London. At this time as Tonstal, bishop of London, was reputed to be a friend of men of letters, Tyndale actually entertained the notion of finding shelter in his palace, but was soon undeceived, for he found "there was not only no room for him therein, no, nor in all England." He resolved to go abroad, and took passage for that purpose in a vessel bound for Hamburg.

Let us visit him in his cabin. It is a dark, cheerless, stormy morning, and the frail bark is tossed to and fro upon the merciless waves. The craft scarcely seems sea-worthy. But we find the good man upon his knees, and his prayer goes up to heaven: "O God, they have taken away Thy Word. They have thrust the sword of the Spirit into its scabbard. So long hath it lain there, it is useless with rust. Help Thine unworthy and feeble servant, I beseech Thee, to withdraw it thence, that it may stick, cut, wound to the piercing asunder, that men thereby may learn the way of eternal life." In this frame of mind he went forth. He passed the perils of the deep in safety and landed at Hamburg. Here he tarried a year, and from hence sent us the Gospel of Matthew and Mark; but, becoming satisfied that Cologne offered better facilities for his work, he went there. Arrived at Cologne, he began to print a large quarto edition, with copious prologues and numerous glosses, and proceeded with such rapidity that, in the course of about four months, he had done nearly half the book, but now there came an interruption.

Henry, the reforming king of England, had cast off the protection of his subject, and given him over to the tender mercies of Rome. John Cochlacus, a most inveterate enemy to the vernacular Scriptures, discovered that he was in Cologne, and at the discovery fairly chuckled with delight. Ha, ha, I'll catch him now. I am glad he is in Cologne, for it is not, like some of the other cities, given up to the new doctrine. No, no, Cologne remains firm and sticks fast to the old faith, and the burgomaster is a fast friend of my master the Pope. Now I can go and get the papers, and a whole posse of constables, and I'll catch him now." Well, he did all he promised himself, except the last. He got his papers and constables too, but he did not catch him. He used all diligence to do so, for he came to the printing office so early in the morning as to astonish the foreman. William

Tyndale, is it, you want? he enquired. Oh, he is not here. He packed up all his papers, both printed and unprinted, and started up the Rhine to Worms, about twelve o'clock last night So Cochlacus was about six hours too late after all. God had again protected His servant and removed him out of harm, for his work was not done. Had they caught him they would have burned him then, as they did afterwards. But, how very singular that Tyndale, in his extremity, should be driven to Worms, the very city to which the German reformer was dragged some three years before, at which time he immortalized himself for courageousness, saying: "If there are as many devils in Worms as there are tiles upon the house tops, I shall not be deterred from going to the Diet." Very courageous!! But which was the most so, Tyndale or Luther. When Luther went to Worms he had in possession the safe conduit of the mighty Emperor Charles the Fifth. He was under the protection of the powerful Elector of Saxony, and buoyed up by the friendship and cheering countenance of thousands of German nobility and burgers, his supporters and friends. But when Tyndale came to Worms he was all alone, or at most but accompanied with a solitary converted friar, William Roy. No prince, no one of station or power stood by him. He was cast off by his own lawful sovereign and protector, and hunted as a prey by the merciless minions of Rome, and yet his heart never failed him, his courage never gave way. Arrived at Worms he proceeded with his work. He changed his plan, but not his purpose. Now, said he, this large quarto is very bulky, and Cochlacus has given a full description of it to Tonstal, Bishop of London, so they know all about it in England. I will put it aside for a time, and begin and print a small octavo, and leave off the prologues and glosses, "AND I'LL PUT THE KING AND PEOPLE OF ENGLAND TO THIS ALTERNATIVE TO RECEIVE OR REJECT THE WORD OF GOD ALONE." That is, without prologues and glosses, or, as we should say, without NOTE OR COMMENT. Noble conception!! The very principle upon which our society is founded was enunciated by Tyndale in the sixteenth century; the principle that most of all honors the word of God, was greatly blessed then, and has been made an unspeakable blessing to thousands since. He selected his plan and carried out his purpose with such industry and energy that, before the year expired, the work was done and the book ready to go home. But how shall it be sent? The ships of good John Pakington are hovering about, ready to take on the precious freight, but dare not, for the enemy is on the alert, and the coast is guarded.

But God Almighty in a singular providence again clears that coast. The King's affairs of lust were not proceeding very satisfactorily, and Tonstal was despatched as Ambassador to the Emperor in Spain, and about the same time a fearful sickness broke out in London, so that, in a short time, the city was deserted. The squires and gentry took alarm and fled hastily to their country-seats. Henry, whose conscience was but ill at ease at any time, was now in a fearful state of trepidation, broke up the Court and went down to Eltham to spend the Christmas, and Wolsey, as soon as he had finished his carouse at Richmond, had to attend him, so that every enemy was removed out of the way, and God Himself had provided a highway of safety for His own Word. Its coming into England, of course, was in secret, and the precise day cannot be fixed, but early in 1526 there was a a great commotion. The entire Popish party was in a state of great trepidation, for it had been discovered that the New Testament was being read in London, that it had indeed spread through the Diocese of Canterbury and penetrated into Scotland. It was vigorously denounced and inhibited:

a council was called, and vigorous measures resolved upon, one of which was what is known in history as "the secret search." Every suspected place was to be searched at a stated time simultaneously in all places and without warning. A copy of the "Supplication of the Beggars" had fallen into the hands of the King, a small but powerful tract, which contained an unmeasured attack upon the whole fraternity, monks and friars, pardoners and souveners who had amassed a large proportion of the nation's wealth, and whose growing power had already impaired and threatened ultimately to destroy the power of the crown. They were all opposed and denounced in the strongest terms. What effect it had upon the King may not be fully known, but it sorely exasperated Wolsey, and, no doubt, hastened on the "secret search," which revealed Tyndale's New Testament in numbers which only increased the alarm of the ecclesiastics. Garret and Dalabar and others were apprehended, and a bonfire was made of the word of God on the 12th day of January, 1526. This was the opening of the campaign, and the armies, brought face to face in field, kept up a close combat for the next generation.

The terrible and multitudinous crimes and awful murders by fire and sword perpetrated from this time to the end of Mary's reign, began by burning the sacred volume. Soon after this Dalabar, Clark, Fryth and about twenty others were immediately seized and thrown into prison ! ! A deep, dark and filthy cellar under Cardinals' College, damp, and offensive with stinking fish, and kept there till four or five of the number died, and the rest mostly ruined in health for life. The fires of martyrdom began to burn. Poor Fryth, rich in faith and grace, was the first one given to the flame by the direct cruelty of the King. Lambert and others soon followed but all could not stop the progress of the Word. The people had tasted its sweets and drank in its principles of liberty and its hostility to prevailing doctrines and corruption, and the desire for it daily increased in intensity. Fox says : "it cannot be told in words what a flood of light the Word of God had let into the nation." They had burned the first, but others came. Importation was rapidly going on. The Bishop bought up all, but still others came. These were burned, too, but still they came, and, though these were burnt, too, others followed.

Now Cranmer was rising in favour about the king's person, and he dared to tell that irate monarch that the temper of the nation was such, it would have the Bible—the nation, mark you, not the king. Tyndale was betrayed, caught and martyred, but that did not stop the Word of God. The very enemies who had pursued him to death were then constrained to carry on his work, for it was Tyndale's own Bible in the main that was given to the nation, and ultimately placed in the churches. Thus did God Almighty "make the wrath of man to praise him." From this time (about 1530) there were troublous times through the rest of Henry's reign. The Popish party abounded in plotting and intrigue both at home and abroad. Executions were numerous in all ranks and classes, but still the Bible maintained its place ; and, though Tyndale's name was enrolled in the chronicles of martyrology, he had done his work, the Word of God was opened to the people, and it finally overthrew the machinations of the enemy.

Under Edward the Sixth, "the good king," reform advanced apace. The Bible was not only maintained in the churches, but spread into the homes of the people. Images were removed from the places of worship and broken and scattered in all parts of the realm. Masses for the dead were scrutinized and brought into much disrepute. The laws of celibacy were

abolished, and priests were allowed to marry. The Latin service was discarded, and the English became the language of prayer and praise in the sanctuary of God; and other reforms followed. But the time is short, the king soon dies, dies in his youth, a victim of consumption, it was said, but his death was very singular, and a recent historian tells us that there is indubitable evidence that he was poisoned, to be got out of the way.

Mary began her reign with honied words and fair promises, but, alas, how soon to be vitiated. The Bible is taken from the churches and hunted from the homes of the people. The old mummery of the Latin service is re established. The laws of celibacy are reenacted, and the priests who have married are harassed and persecuted, and great severity of all sorts resorted to. The voice of protest only increases the persecution. Cranmer is attainted and degraded, and the mass everywhere set up, and designs and schemes are rife for establishing the Inquisition. These are but the beginnings of extremities. Soon the awful flame was to be kindled, the flame that was to destroy the best and holiest of the land. Rogers and Hooper were the first, at least the first of great note to submit to this terrible death, and the first fruits of heavenly gathering of the glorious company of martyrs, and the rest soon followed. Sanders was burnt on the 8th of February, 1555, and Taylor, a good minister of the New Testament, was called before Gardner, who received him with his usual civilities, of traitor, villain, heretic, knave. Taylor meekly put him in mind of the oath he had taken to King Henry and Edward, but Gardner was ready with the usual popish casuistry, "That unlawful oaths were not to be kept." Taylor's friends wished him to fly, but his reply was, "I am old, and shall never be able to do my good God such service as I am now called to do, and I must follow Christ, the good Shepherd, who not only fed his flock but died for it."

On the 9th of February he was sent to Hadley, the place of his ministry, to be burnt. He told the people he had "taught them nothing but the word of God, and now he was to seal it with his blood." One of the guards struck him over the head and stopped his speaking. He was put into a pitch barrel, and while the faggots were being piled about it, one flung one of the faggots at his head and broke it, so that the blood flowed copiously, but all he said was, "Oh friend, I have harm enough, what needed that." While he was repeating the fifty-first Psalm, another one of the guards struck him over the mouth and bade him speak in Latin. When the fire was kindled, and the flames beginning to crackle around him, another one of the guards put him in the head with his halbert so that his brains fell out, and he died amid cruelties such as by which perished many of whom the world was not worthy. The fearful and horrible death of burning at the stake was not sufficient for these monsters of cruelty, but all sorts of indignities and sufferings must be added.

On the 16th of March Thomas Tomkins was burnt. Then followed Wm. Hunter, Canston and Higland, ten gentlemen of Essex; on the 28th, Wm. Pigot and Stephen Knight; on the 29th, John Lawrence; on the 30th, Farrar, Bishop of St. Davids, was burnt, because he would not give his sanction to the law forbidding the marriage of priests. But why need I continue this enumeration? I could not recount the whole if I would, for once the blood of the martyrs had begun to flow it seemed impossible to satisfy the bloodthirsty, and these horrid deaths became more numerous. Wm. Hunter, an apprentice boy nineteen years of age. had been drawn into conversation by a priest he met by the way, who accused him and procured his condemnation. Bishop Bonner offered him forty pounds if he would recant. But this poor boy had a better conscience and nobler nature than the Bishop, for, with the

prison behind and the faggot and flame before him, he stood firm, and his answer was: "I will keep my conscience to myself if they will let me alone and not torture and question me by the way. I have said nothing but what I believe, I can recant nothing." He spurned the filthy lucre, but he died in the flame. These barbarities went on from day to day and month to month, till, in July, a mother and her two daughters were burnt at the same stake; one of them, married, was soon to be a mother. The babe was born in the fire, and though snatched from the flame at first, was thrown back and perished with its mother. Even this monstrous barbarity only checked for a time but did not stop these cruelties, for the stake continued to be affixed and the faggots to flame, and one martyr after another was added to the list, sometimes eight or ten at a time, till God put an end to such suffering and cruelty by the death of the Queen. During this short reign, of little more than five years, more than three hundred had suffered in the flames, say some; three hundred, say others; and Froude says two hundred and ninety-seven. Bloody Mary!! you exclaim. Bloody reign! truly. But there is no evidence that Mary was devoid of woman's tenderness and compassion. How, then, could she be so cruel! She was born, and trained by her mother, a Roman Catholic, and though she dissembled and was guilty of falsehood in reference to her faith, as may be seen by her letters of pretended submission, this was but a part of her religion. She was a perfect subject of the evil system, and did whatever the pope and bishops commanded her, nothing more, sometimes not so much, and at their door must lie the charge of all the murders and fearful cruelties of her reign.

I have thus far endeavored to trace the fearful conflict through which our fathers passed to obtain for us the precious word of God, from the time of the first motion under Wickliff to the time when it had passed its greatest ordeal at the death of Mary. Under Elizabeth, the next sovereign of England, the reformation is said to have been firmly established. But let us not be deceived with appearance nor with names. The conflict has never ceased. It only became more hopeless for a time on the part of the enemy. He overshot the mark, and by his terrible cruelties put the nation out of temper, and turned public sentiment against his system. He submitted to the change, but is waiting his time for new attacks. If his past misdeeds could be blotted out or forgotten, that time would soon come. The present age, with its devotion to frivolities and its neglect of realities, is quite favorable to the designs and plans of popery, and unless we arouse ourselves and awake to our danger, it may be too late. We are far too confident in our security. The enemy is taking advantage of it already, and putting forth new pretensions every day, claiming complete supremacy in the state, and the absolute and entire control of the national education, with multitudes already to support his claims, so that the legislation and laws of the country are already paralyzed, and, if we sleep on awhile, we may again, by and by, be called upon to contend for the very first principles of civil and religious liberty.

But you will reply that popery is not what it was then, it has been ameliorated by the softening and refining influence of the 19th century, and it has partaken somewhat of the spirit of tolerance generally prevalent. By what authority have we this testimony on behalf of popery? We are inclined to think it is entirely gratuitous. One thing is certain, the leaders of the system have never authorized such testimony. They invariably tell us that popery has not changed, and make their boast that it has not and never will. They glory in the fact that it is the same in all ages. In the

recent Syllabus, surely the highest authority we can have, we have this language: "The Church has the right of employing external coersion," "she has direct and indirect temporal power," which is, in ecclesiastical language, the power of civil and corporal punishment, and the Jesuit Schneeman speaks out clearly and plainly on this point, for he says, "As the Church has an external jurisdiction she can impose temporal punishments, and among them he specially mention "fines, fasts, imprisonments and scourging." But you will say perhaps, if this is the doctrine of Rome, why does she not put it in practice? Simply because she lacks the opportunity, and all her labours and intrigues of late have been directed to the creation of such a state of society as will give her this. The Syllabus has already condemned the whole existing view of the right of conscience and religious worship, "*and reaffirms the doctrine that it is a wicked error to admit Protestants to equal political rights with Catholics, or to allow Protestant immigrants the free use of their worship.*" Schneeman says again: "The Church will, of course, act with the greatest prudence in the use of her temporal and physical power, and will not, of course, return to her entire mediæval policy at once." In the meantime the entire code of history is to be revised, and everything therein that is detrimental to the Church's pretensions is to be softened down or purged entirely away. Henceforth we are to be taught that her unrestrained right of acquiring property and exemption from civil function are inherent rights, and not, according to prevalent histories, the gift of kings and Roman emperors. Henceforth they are declared "greatly mistaken who suppose that the Church is not an institution with civil and coersive power to imprison, hang and burn." To force kings and magistrates by excommunication and all its consequences to confiscation, imprisonment and death. Henceforth, also, we shall all be required to teach and believe the Pope did nothing wrong when he excommunicated King John and put the whole nation under interdict, stopped all worship and caused the dead to be buried at the roadside like dogs, because John resisted his attempt to thrust an unallowed favourite upon the See of Canterbury. He was only exercising a divine right. Surely there is something dangerously wrong in the Protestant state and sentiment of the country when a position bold and impious as this can be assumed, and backed up by lies, hypocrisy and deceit wholesale, and it behoves not only our politicians to be on the alert, but also all who have the Bible in their hands, to awake to a sense of its use and power, and also apply it fearlessly and prayerfully, knowing that it is the only effective weapon. That it has proved victorious aforetime, and will prove victorious again if used in the same bold, confident and prayerful manner as in time past.

We Canadians especially need be on the alert. We have about a million Frenchmen, mostly in the Province of Quebec, by religion and training all hostile to the Scriptures. Both religion and patriotism demand that we give them the Bible. All experience proves there can be no true religion without the Bible, and a profession without it degenerates into a hateful superstition. A superstition so bigoted and intolerant, it monopolizes all piety, and resorts to persecution wherever there is opportunity.

As to patriotism, we have only to note the course of events in the Province of Quebec the past year or so to become thoroughly convinced that Roman Catholicism can only be loyal to Rome. They are pulling down our churches, handing over the education of the people entirely to the hands of the priesthood, whose pulpits are turned into political hustings from which to harangue the people, and exhibit before them all the pains of purgatory and the infernal regions if they do not vote as the priests

tel. tnem, and should one prove refractory, priestly vengeance is wre
upon ... and upon his corpse after death ; in short, the hierarchy of Ca
is resorting to all the tricks and contrivances that served the ecclesiastic
the dark ages so well. As they lose ground in Europe, they seem to
it on this continent, and especially in our New Dominion, and it seem
if the battle already lost in the older countries would have to be re-fou
in this. Some are foolishly looking for political regeneration to sav
from this fearful strife; but that is vain. With a Parliament and Legisla
in the Province of Quebec completely subservient to the behests of Ro
and all the forces combined to bar the wheels of the Dominion Legislat
the Executive of our country is ever now so crippled it dare not move o
in the direction of Rome. No political expedient will remedy t
Nothing but the work of God can emancipate the national mind. God r
send some mighty convulsion to help on the work when his time sh
have come, but in the mean time, as Bible Christians, let us to duty, a
with increasing industry and faithfulness hold for the Wo ... life.

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